

## A NEAT BUNKO GAME

HOW THE MAN WHO THOUGHT HE KNEW IT ALL WAS FOOLED.

A Scheme That Worked the Way the Betting Went and Gave No Clue as to How the Tip Was Passed to Break or Not to Break the Jug.

"It's a good thing for us, I suppose, that whenever we get it all settled and arranged in our minds that we're too cleverly bright and crafty to be 'done' by anybody we usually get a fair 'take' that takes the perkiness out of us," said a Washington department store buyer who makes frequent trips to New York. "Up to a certain day last week, for example, I had a pretty thorough understanding with myself that there was no old kind of a New York bunko game that I'd bet on. I'd been for too long a time for anything like that. Well, listen.

"A week ago Monday morning last I was standing after breakfast on the thirty-sixth street side of the Marlborough hotel, in New York, taking a sun bath for myself and mapping out my programme for the day. Two or three other men were standing near me doing the same.

"Our attention was lazily enlisted as we stood there by the spectacle of a boy wearing a chef's cap and apron recklessly swinging an empty crockery pitcher above his head. The boy was rigged up like a hotel kitchen apprentice.

"What infernal whelps most boys are, anyhow," remarked a sporty looking man standing near me to a plain looking individual who was standing alongside of him. "Now, just look at that cub fooling with that pitcher. It's a cinch that he'll drop it and smash it to smithereens before he gets to Seventh avenue."

"Oh, I dunno," was the reply of the plain looking man. "I guess the kid knows what he's about. He's got a pretty good clutch on the handle of the pitcher. He'll hang on to it all right."

"Bet you five he drops it before he reaches Seventh avenue," was the quick response of the man with the sporty look.

"I guess I'll take that bet," answered the plain looking man, and he produced his wad. The sporty looking citizen peeled a five from his pocket and both men put up their money with the uniformed carriage opener stationed outside the Marlborough. Then they took up the jug together toward Seventh avenue to keep an eye on the boy, who was still swinging the pitcher wildly. I held my ground and watched the proceeding. It looked like a pretty good bet for the plain looking man until, when the boy was only about ten feet from the corner of Seventh avenue, the pitcher flew out of his hand and he was trying some singularly different piece of juggling with the uniformed carriage opener. The sporty looking man and the plain looking individual returned to where I was standing and the former took the two five's from the stakeholder with a grin, saying:

"I thought sure I was going to lose out on that when the kid got so near Seventh avenue without anything happening to the pitcher."

"Two days later I was standing alongside a hotel at the corner of Eighth avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, in Harlem, waiting for a downtown electric car, when I saw that same youngster, with the identical kitchen apprentice's toggery, going along Eighth avenue, again wildly swinging a pitcher. Then I cast my eyes about me, and there, only three feet to the left of me and leaning against an 'L' station, was the sporty looking man. He blinked lazily at me when he saw that I had observed the boy with the pitcher.

"What infernal whelps most boys are, anyway," he said to me in precisely the same words and the same tone he had used in making the remark a couple of days before to the plain looking man who had lost his five. "Now, just look at that cub fooling with that pitcher. It's a cinch that he'll drop it and smash it to smithereens before he reaches the next corner."

"What a foxxy way this fellow has of making a living," I mused. "But I'll just give him a little run for his money, so I will."

"That's the betting end of it," I said aloud to the sporty looking man, "I'd be willing to take my money."

"Oh, well," he replied laughingly, "any old thing to pass the time away. It's about an even thing one way or the other, I suppose."

"Just about," said I.

"Well," he said good naturedly, "then I'll bet you a five that he doesn't smash it before he reaches the next corner."

"You're on," said I, and we put up our five spots with the news dealer on the corner.

"This," said I to myself as I fell into step with the sporty looking man, "like wheeling gran' old man, I'll bet this crafty con man pass the tip to that kid not to drop that pitcher, according to the usual frame up, without my getting next to the dodge and calling him down on it. I think I see a new five dollar hat for myself this afternoon."

"My reflections along this pleasant line, however, were interrupted. The boy was already crossing the street, still swinging the pitcher wildly and whistling merrily. He reached the other side and went right along his way, taking tremendous chances with the pitcher and whistling with all the fervor of youth, and I had lost.

"How had the sporty looking man passed the signal to the kid not to drop the pitcher on that occasion? I gave it up. I didn't stop to inquire of him. I felt too cheap to stop for any purpose whatever, but swung on board the downtown surface car with a whole lot of the kinks of conceit coiled out of me."—Pittsburg Press.

John Allen's Wit.

While in congress "Private" John Allen of Mississippi could hardly be induced to give a serious answer to a serious question. The older members knew this and seldom went to the southern wit for information, but new men often came to grief by doing so.

Shortly after Mr. Littlefield of Maine had taken his seat for his first term. Turning to Mr. Allen, he said: "Pardon me, sir, but you were at Gettysburg. Can you tell me how many Federal soldiers were killed outright there?" "I am very sorry, very sorry, indeed, that I can't accommodate you," replied the "private." "But the fact is that I was so busy that I clean forgot to count my shots."

The Stereotype Form.

McJigger—Have you heard from Jockey since he went to Africa? Thingumbob—He sent me two little lion cubs the other day.

McJigger—The idea! Any message? Thingumbob—A card tied to the neck of one of them, which read, "I hope these few lions will find you well."

## VANISHED TREASURES.

Some Treasures That Would Bring High Rewards.

The greatest treasure in sculpture the world has ever known is imperfect, and the piece missing—a right arm—would bring to the finder a king's ransom, so may be termed a treasure in itself. This arm, of course, belongs to the Venus de Milo, now in the Louvre at Paris, and twenty-eight years ago it turned up in England and was proved by experts to be the genuine arm of the Venus. The owner, however, refused to part with it and concealed it somewhere lest it should be stolen by thieves. When he died he left no record as to where the arm was hidden, and from that day to this its resting place has remained a mystery.

Somewhere there is an old bronze drinking cup which would easily realize \$100,000 if put on the market. It is the famous bronze bowl found in Egypt a century and a half ago, on which was depicted the ancient history of the pharaohs. It was stolen from an Egyptian temple in 1739 and brought to Europe. From that time it miraculously disappeared, and forty years later the French government offered \$14,000 for its discovery, but the famous cup had vanished in all probability forever.

Great pictures have an unhappy knack of disappearing, and lucky would be the individual who came across Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Countess of Derby," for it would realize \$150,000. This was acknowledged to be Reynolds' greatest portrait, but not long after it was painted it disappeared from the Earl of Derby's collection and has never since been heard of. There are also two Van Dyckes and a Rembrandt missing for which the National gallery would willingly pay \$200,000, and no doubt the Earl of Crew would give a five figure reward to any one who restored the Cupid cut by some vandal from the picture of a former Countess of Crew and her son, who was painted as the little spirit.

Half a century ago the Italian government offered \$50,000 to any one who would rediscover the Florentine chalice. This is a goblet of green Venetian glass made in the sixteenth century for the pope and engraved with a picture of the resurrection. Its manufacture is said to have occupied two years, and the secret of the glass, which was thinner than paper, is lost. The cup was stolen from the Vatican, but no one came forward to claim the offered reward, and the probabilities are that the cup has been smashed.

A similar treasure which vanished in an equally strange manner was the Marsella vase of Dresden missing from the famous Marsella collection, the value of which is set down at \$75,000, and it bears upon it the cross arms and a lion's head. A few years ago the vase was said to be in the north of England, and it is safe to assert that if any one rediscovered it he can command a price running well into five figures.

Probably in some lumber room in this country there is an old sword which, if the owner only knew it, is worth a couple of thousand pounds. It was the state sword presented by the nation to Edward III, and at one time the hilt was studded with large rubies, but these disappeared long before the weapon followed them into obscurity some years ago. Any one of our national museums would purchase the sword for the sum mentioned, while it is not unlikely that in a public auction room the bidding would rise even higher.—London Tit-Bits.

## ARE FISH ABLE TO HEAR?

Harvard Professor's Experiments Show That Some Fish Can Hear.

Scientists have long been asking, "Can fish really hear?" and experiments are now being made systematically all over the world for the purpose of finding the answer. Working from the well known fact that there are fish, such as the sea robin, that when attacked make a noise which is presumably audible at least to the enemy, Professor G. H. Parker of Harvard university has obtained perhaps the most satisfactory results after a series of experiments conducted at the biological laboratory of the United States fish commission at Wood's Mill, Mass.

Since sounds are manifested by vibrations that spread out in eddying waves, it is extremely difficult to decide whether a fish really hears or merely feels the agitation that a noise makes under water, and consequently Professor Parker's experiments have required apparatus of the most delicate sort. To make a noise under water with as little vibration as possible he used a partially submerged device stretched board upon which was stretched the string of a glass viol giving a very low note, and when a sharper tone was required it was obtained by means of an electric tuning fork. The small green killifish—the common New England minnow—was selected for the experiment, and during the test was placed in a network cage suspended in such a manner that it should not be affected by the sound vibrations.

Three classes of fish were tested—one that was entirely normal, a second in which the ear nerves had been cut so as to produce complete deafness, if there ever was a third whose outer skin had been made insensitive to vibrations while the ears were left normal. In 96 cases out of 100 the normal fish acted as if they heard the noise, while only 18 of the 100 whose ear nerves were operated upon seemed to notice anything unusual. The fish whose ears were normal, but whose skins were insensitive, responded to the noise quite as readily as did those that were entirely normal. Professor Parker's conclusion is that there are some fish, anyway, that can hear.

## Banks and Publicity.

The Poverty Savings Bank of New York, one of the richest banking institutions in that city, advertising its depositors. This policy is being liberally discussed in Boston, where the old style policy has been in force. However, one Boston savings bank has openly advertised for depositors, and what this bank has dared to do the older and more conservative institutions will probably approve of by one as the financial value of advertising is realized.

One institution, whose deposits reach \$300,000,000, does not care for any increase beyond the normal increment that comes to it from its regular depositors and makes it hardly in the spirit of the historic precedent to advertise. However, the fact that the younger banks are unaffected by this precedent and are breaking away from custom one by one shows that competition has crept into the banking business, as into any other branch of our financial and commercial systems. Publicity cannot hurt a bank that is wisely and successfully administered.—Financial Review.

## WITH TIME COME CHANGES.

An Order From the Pacific Coast For Nickels and Cent Pieces.

The treasury department has received an order for 5,000 nickels and 2,000 cent pieces from the Pacific coast. The order is from the treasury at San Francisco. Five years ago such an order from the treasury would have been regarded in the nature of a mistake somewhere, and the chances are that an inquiry would have been put on foot to ascertain if these coins were really wanted.

Just what started the use of nickels and pennies on the coast is not definitely known, but treasury officials say that its beginning was during the Spanish-American war, or rather during the existence of the war taxes imposed at the time. These war taxes called for stamps on different articles, and officials of the government, in selling the stamps, gave the proper change in pennies and nickels.

It is a well known fact that a cent was a rare thing on the Pacific coast five years ago, so far as trade was concerned, and nothing was sold from the coast that called for change in cents. The eastern bargain counter with its "40 cents" and its "31.98" placards and other features attractive to female shoppers was unknown. Everything was sold in even money and paid for that way. Even the five cent piece was rare. The ten cent piece was practically the smallest piece in circulation. If an article worth 10 cents was purchased and the purchaser tendered a twenty-five cent piece, the change would be in the nature of a challenge because he did not have the other 5 cents to make the change.

The Pacific coast people do not now like to carry small change, and the order that has been received is a comparatively small one, but to the treasury officials it reveals the fact that the habit is growing and indicates that in a few years the nickel and the penny will be in general use in a section of the country heretofore having no regard for the thing.

The thing was true of parts of the south until eight or ten years ago, but the objections to the small coins there have been almost overcome. They are still not so generally used there as in the east and portions of the west, and there are still many places in the south where the nickel is the smallest coin accepted in trade and general use.—Washington Star.

## American Women and Hindoos.

American womanhood is acknowledgedly the finest, the very best, physically and intellectually of the world. An ideal American woman is the ideal of the world's womanhood. This could not be unless the male American himself worshipped a high ideal. An American girl will travel from end to end of the continent in absolute security. Traveling in the same railway compartment, no male will even think of staring at a female. The American women are goddesses and are worshipped because they deserve the adoration.

And let the final word be said on our own behalf. If India and America are to be brought together by the nation to the sympathy and active endeavors of American women. We have had already abundant proofs of these matters. American women are among the foremost propagandists of Hindoism and Buddhism. Being such, they are likewise naturally interested in the understanding and solution of the national social problems of India. An American league, with numerous branches, is now in existence, which has for its object the social amelioration of Indian women.—Indian Mirror.

## Expressive Face.

He—That bull terrier of yours has a speaking countenance, hasn't he? She—Do you think so? He—Yes; it says to me plainly as words could, "Beware of the dog!"—Kansas City Journal.

## Sweet Potato Vine Cutter.

have for sale at Parkley, Va., my patent

## SWEET POTATO VINE CUTTER.

and will give all orders prompt attention.

This machine will save you time and labor, and make you money. It is worth more for getting up potatoes than two men can get, if properly set.

It will cut the vines from stems and leaves the drills or hill naked, so you can dig or plow them up.

It cuts no potatoes, runs easy with one horse, and blades are easy to keep sharp.

Directions for using is sent with each machine.

Factory price \$8.50.

Very respectfully,

A. J. McCREADY,

Parkley, Accomac Co., Va.

A DOLLAR MADE IS A DOLLAR SAVED

If so, write to the

## LAUREL MARBLE WORKS

LAUREL, DEL.

—Davis & Bro., Proprietors.—

For prices on Head and Foot Stones, Monument, Iron Railing and all cemetery work in general, and save money.

## Davis & Bro., LAUREL, DEL.

Agents—W. H. PRUITT, Temperance

GEO. E. J. WILDER, Onancock;

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LLOYD SMITH, Panglossville.

## Looking For Good Things?

You will not have to go past this store.

Here you can get perfect fitting suits of Clothes, any quality, any style, for little money.

Your styles are here—because all styles are here and customers can't help buying.

The best makes of Shoes a ways in stock—prices sell them.

Latest designs in Hats.

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We carry more stock in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware and Spectacles than ever before, which enables us to sell at lower prices.

Our stock is worth picking, for its always fresh. Come and see us.

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Respectfully,

JACOB ADELSTEIN,

New Brick Building, Onancock, Va.

## ROASTING MEATS.

A Chef Says the Proper Process Is Almost Unknown.

"A good part of the dyspepsia that prevails in America," said the chef of an exclusive hotel to a Philadelphia Record writer, "is due to the custom of baking instead of roasting meats. We say we roast our meats. We talk glibly of 'roast beef,' 'roast chicken' and so on, but what we should say is 'baked beef' and 'baked chicken,' for anything cooked in an oven is baked, not roasted. We don't talk of roast bread, do we? Yet we cook our meat in the oven as our bread is cooked."

"To roast meat you must cook it on a spit before the fire. You must turn it constantly. Every little while you must baste it. It is in every way better than meat baked. It is tenderer, sweeter and more digestible. Also its appearance is more appetizing, and the appearance of a viand has a tremendous effect on the digestibility."

"Experiment, actual experiment, has shown that the sight of an appetizing dish starts the gastric juice to flowing instantly and that such a dish digests much more quickly and thoroughly than an unappetizing one. Altogether, we ought to go back to the genuine roasting process of our ancestors, and our health would improve and there would be less talk about vegetarianism."

"Of course I and all good chefs act accordingly. But roasting is with the average cook in the average American house an unknown process."

## The Jewels of a Saint.

The idea of sanctity usually carries with it a suggestion of poverty, and it may seem a contradiction to refer to the jewels of a saint. It has been customary for painters who choose for their subjects saints or martyrs to treat them with the utmost simplicity. In a majority of cases they are depicted as devoid of ornament or decoration, and in the few exceptional instances, as when the subject of the picture is a ruler or king, the gems are few and purely symbolic, being sufficient only to denote the rank of the individual portrayed.

Raphael, who was perhaps the greatest painter of religious subjects the world has known, has in most of his works adhered strictly to this rule, but in the head of "St. Cecilia" is to be noticed a departure from it. A row of pearls, to which are attached three pendants, ornaments her gown at the neck, and this is her only jewelry.

A hair is simply arranged and without a jewel of any kind. The single row of gems, themselves the emblems of chastity, emphasizes the exquisite simplicity of the face.

## Bibles in Pawn.

"Not more than three times in the thirty years that I have been in business has a Bible been accepted as collateral for a loan in my establishment," said a pawnbroker whose business is one of the largest of its kind in Philadelphia. "On those few occasions I have been without my sanction, even without my knowledge. It isn't that we don't have many opportunities to advance money on Bibles; it is just that we have an aversion to doing so. Aside from what might be regarded as the sacrilege of such a transaction it always brings bad luck."

## The Facts in the Case.

Uncle John—Which is right, Willie, "I have had my boots blacked" or "I have had my boots blackened"? Willie—I guess neither ain't right. Uncle John. You should say, "My boots need blacking."—Boston Transcript.

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The best makes of Shoes a ways in stock—prices sell them.

Latest designs in Hats.

Furnishings for all ages and sexes.

We carry more stock in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware and Spectacles than ever before, which enables us to sell at lower prices.

Our stock is worth picking, for its always fresh. Come and see us.

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